

Chariot swung low  
in early evening, coming  
forth to carry her

from Apt 4E, through em-  
purpled dust thence to

a place where softest  
Mom and Pop await.

Also, beloved Uncle Lou--who,  
though brassy-bossy-macho,  
loved her so thoroughly she

sobs remembering now. He, so  
typically, enters Farting Contest,

bragging how Angels bet-  
ting against him'll

lose their shirts! Or feathers...  
whichever...